ST. LOUIS, MO., SUNDAY, MARCH 17, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

St. Patrick's Day. The United States.

NINETYTHIRD YEAR.

BANQUET OF ERIN'S SONS. J.-J.

Irish Patriotism. Eulogy to Women.

The knights departed from their time-honored custom of having only men at their yearly reunion and entertained Miss Mand Gonne, the Irish Joan of Are and advocate of Irish freedom, as one of the guests of

The banquet was set for \$ o'clock, but it The banquet was set for S o'clock, but it was nearly an hour after that time before the first course was served. As in previous years, good fellowship and brotherly spirit were the order of the evening. Each of those present appeared to know all the others, and the banquet resembled the reunion of friends who had been parted for one year. Miss Maud Gonne and Major John McBride were the guests of honor at the han-Bride were the guests of honor at the ban-quet. Both these Irish patriots were well known by reputation to the Knights, and

their entrance into the hall was greeted with rounds of cheering and applause. Each of them made extemporaneous speeches on of them made extemporaneous specenes on the cause with which they have been iden-tified. Major McBride spoke of the service done by Irishmen in the cause of liberty in the Boer armies throughout the South African war. Miss Gonne spoke on condi-tions in Ireland and the progress made in last few years toward securing the liberty of that country.

The decorations of the banquet-hall were a mingling of the American colors and the green and gold of Ireland. The walls were draped artistically with numerous flags and festoons of bunting. Directly back of the president's chair the banner of the Knights of St. Patrick was suspended. On the wall directly opposite was the emblem of Si Louis currounded by the costs of arms of the various States of the Union. At the north and of the room was placed the speakers' table. The other tables ex-tended from this, forming the letter E. Cut flowers, smillax and vari-colored lights were used in decorating the table, the pre-vailing colors being red, white, blue and green. The menu was a musterpiece in the gastronomic line. It included all the delicacles of the season and many varieties of

President John S. Leahy presided at the banquet as toast master. Later in the evening he resigned his chair in favor of George J. Tansey. When coffee and cigars made their appearance Mr. Leahy opened the speaking with an address of welcome He said:

OPENING ADDRESS BY PRESIDENT LEAHY.

Leahy was vociferously applauded. He sald, in part:

We are making to-night the thirty-fifth chapter in the history of the Knights of St. Patrick. For thirty-four years our society has bedecked the brow of persecuted but glorious Erin with garlands of love and levotion on this day, the anniversary of him who at Tara promulgated the teachings of the Savier and transformed an dolatrous people into a Christian nation. Our society has adhered to the principles upon which it was founded. We are still preserving the old-time memories; we are still perpetuating her dulcet poetry; we are still loyal and true and devoted to dear

treasury of romance, song, valor and lofty principles.

"At our annual banquets we rejoice in portraying the glories of the sons of the Gaet, and we marrate with indignation the sufferings inflicted upon them because of their belief in the right of self-government and freedom of conscience. Distinguished orators yearly unfold the banner that was plucked from the balbrick of the sky above us, and expatiate upon the United States, reminding us by their word painting that Ireland has ever been the nursery of freedom, that America is its home, and that here is the true equality, the brotherly love and freedom of conscience for which so many Irish martyrs have offered their lives on the sacred altar of liberty. Yearly we have a Knight of St. Patrick, as the most ritted for the noble prerogative, pay a fitting tribute and worthy homage to the noblest and best object of God's handiwork, woman."

The custom has obtained among us to The custom has obtained among us to welcome to our festive board distinguished representatives of our race who visit our city. It has been our privilege to have our banquet board graced by the distinguished historian. Justin McCarthy; the eminent writer, John Mitchell; the patriot and priest and crator, Father Tom Burke; and the gifted and peerless Knight Errant of the cause of Irish home rule, the lamented and never-to-be-forgotten James Stewart Parnell. And to-night, departing from our ancient usage of allowing the gentler sex at our banquets in name only, we have with

us a distinguished daughter of Ireland, who is devoting a matchless intellect and intrepid Irish spirit and a bounteous purse to the cause of the Emerald Isle. We bid her a caed milla faltha.

"This society is very dear to its members because they love its disinterested intellectual motives, because its archives are a treasury of the literary achievements of many a gem of putest ray serene, whose moder's hid it in untrodden ways and prevented it from casting a perpetual ray of loveliness and brilliancy into the temple of fame, and we love it because it keeps verdant the herolsm, the devotion to a glorious cause, and the literature of sweet old ireland, and for many of us it is the cynosure of the fancies of childhood and thus brightens the winter's tale of age, and awakens ens the winter's tale of age, and awakens in all of our hearts symphonies of devotion and love and makes virile our hope of the final triumph of the banner of gold and

"DAY WE CELEBRATE." BY F. B. BURKE

July, their Washington's, Jefferson's and Lincoln's birthday in one. The day represents all the principles for which the Irish people stand, and all the ambitions they

people stand, and all the ambitions they are striving to fulfill.

"There are many causes why the Irish celebrate this day. One reason is the unity of settlment it preserves and the memories it cherishes among Irishmen in whatever querter of the globe they may be. Through persecution and oppression the Irish now people the civilized world; they are scattered through every land and under every sun; yet everywhere to-day they meet, no matter what country they may inhabit, to commemorate the victory of their soldiers, the achievements of their statesmen mud their devotion to the principles of ilberty.

"It is the boast of the English that the sun never sets on English soil. But neither does the sun set to-day upon the celebration in honor of St. Patrick, which is being observed wherever an Irishman lives.

"The Boer war is simply a struggle of the people of that country for the right to govern themselves. Everywhere this desire for liberty and self-government is becoming evident, and a reason for this is to a great extent due to the peopling of the world with Isishmen. The desire for liberty is manifesting itself everywhere and will not long be withstood.

"America's success in refusing to accept

The thirty-fifth annual banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick, which was given at the Planters Hotel Saturday night, was probably the most successful and brilliant entertainment ever given by that society. Eloquent orators sounded the praises of Erin, and true Irish patriotism prevailed. The knights departed from their time-honored custom of having only men at their yearly reunion and entertained Miss Mand Gonne, the Irish Joan of Are and advocate

"THE UNITED STATES," BY W. V. BYARS.

William V. Byars responded to the toast, "The United States," and the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" floated through the banquet hall when he concluded. He said, in part:

"If one who is not, who never expects "If one who is not, who never expects to become, a public speaker emerges for a moment from grateful obscurity to address you at a time so critical as this and on a subject of such world-enduring importance as "The United States of America," it is not because he hopes to please or to instruct, but rather because he has imposed on him by what he feels to be a compelling sense of duty the burden of saying a single word. And because he will attempt to say it in the strength of the inspiration of one of the greatest Irishmen who ever lived—one of the greatest statesmen and patriots of any age—Henry Gratian.

men and patriots of any age—Henry Grattan.

"Ever glorious Grattan, the best of the good. That single word is 'liberty'—liberty, the love of which was the supreme power in the soul of Grattan when he re-enforced Washington in the struggle which checked Latin Caesarism, drove back Middle-Age Toryism and opened the way for the miracles of Nineteenth Century achievement! And since I cannot hope to compass in any language of my own the force of the great soul which inspired the immortal eloquence of Gratfain, left me fead you his very words as he speke in the Irish Parliament his own genius had called into exlistence:

liament his own genius had called into exlistence;

""When the liberty and security of one country depend on the honor of another, the latter may have much honor, but the former can have no liberty. To depend on the honor of another country is to depend on the honor of another country is to depend on the will; and to depend on the will (of another) is the definition of slavery."

"I will trust the people with the custody of their own liberty, but I will trust no people with the custody of any liberty other than their own, whether the people be Rome, Athens or Britain."—(In the Irish Parliament, May 25, 1800.)

"The constitution may be for a time lost—the character of the country cannot be lost. The ministry will—or may, perhaps—at length find that it is not so easy to put down forever an ancient and respectable nation, by abilities however great or by power and corruption however irresistible. Liberty may renew her golden beams and with redoubled heat animate the country. The cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty. Loyalty is a noble, a judiclous and a capaclous principle, but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty, "—(In the Irish Parliament, February 14, 1800).

"Turn to the growth and spring of your

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"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE".

FATHER McGRADY ON

"IRISH PATRIOTISM."

to down, our banks will close and there

"Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire it! Where of do you find a nation which upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity of justice! "You have done too much not to do more! You have gone too far not to go on. You have brought yourself into a situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country or publiely restore them."

"You have done too much not to do more! You have gone too far not to go on!"
"This is the message the fellow worker of Washington, speaking at the end of the Eighteenth Century, sends to us at the beginning of the Twentieth. You have done too much not to do more. "Turn to the growth and spring of your country and be-

Eighteenth Century, sends to us at the beginning of the Twentieth. You have done too much not to do more. ** Turn to the growth and spring of your country and behold and admire it! ** "Not Grattan himself could do justice to a subject so vast as the results already achieved in America by the principles which inspired him in what I have just read. On these principles the liberties of America are founded; from them our growth has come; by them our failure must be developed. They are immortal in their simplicity. First, the principle of individual freedom to arow in all that is constructive and creative, and without repression by another's will; for, as Grattan nobly says, 'to depend on the will of another is the definition of slavery." And, added to this, as its consumnation, the liberty of every country to grow. In its own way, in its own right, in its own majesty and sovereignty, uninvaded, uncoerced, unawed by any other; for, as he says again, 'When the liberty and security of one country depend on the honor of another, the latter may have much honor, but the former have no liberty." "So, borowing the thought of John Locke, as we borrowed it for the foundation of American institutions, he has defined the twofold law of progress through liberty. "I say 'through liberty' without qualification and without concession to any other spring of progress; for only through liberty can justice, benevolence, the great constitute the harmonles of the visble universe, make themselves efficient causes of all that which uplifts and glorifles humanity.

"It seems to them that freedom is a men

ace to order and that there can be no safe ty except through repression and coercion It is not ours to judge them as individuals It is not ours to judge them as individuals, but it is our most sacred duty to protest against their theory that the greatest possible civilization depends on repression. That creed of ignorance and darkness can be realized in far-reaching and vast resuits. It is a part of a law, not a jot or tittle of which can fail until all be fulfilled. It is the law of destruction for the brutal through its own brutality. But that it is the principle of progress for the mind in man, who that loves liberty, justice and mercy can believe?

that loves liberty, justice and mercy can believe?

"I have not lived so long nor seen so much of the world as some, but as a result of this creed manifesting the essential spirit of Toryism and the vain pride of feudal or commercial militancy. I have seen not long ago, those who profess themselves van leaders of civilization, butchering the wounded on the field of battle. I have seen a great nation invade the country of a weak Republic: to lay waste its fields, fire its homes and decimate its defenders because they dared maintain with Grattan that to depend on the will of another country is the definition of slavery. And seeing it, I have asked of Divine Justice, as the soul of Goodness in things evil, why there was no living Grattan raised up to protest in God's name against it.

"But this is not all. I have seen the same

F. B. Burke of Indianapolis, former United States District Attorney in President Cleveland's second term, responded to the first toast of the evening. "The Day We Celebrate." He said in part:

"The Irish people, being subject to a foreign Government, have not national power; but St. Patrick's Day is their Fourth of July, their Washington's, Jefferson's and it. "But this is not all. I have seen the same me who caused this, plotting with infernal skill and devilish subtlety to bring about world-wide Tory solidarity, and to commit our country forever to the Tory creed of obstruction and repression—to a creed which if we adopt it means that the hands of the clock of time shall be turned back to the ages before 'the first tree of when the only law of the world was that of the strongest arm and the surest blow.

of the stronger that malign and aften "As a result of that malign and aften have seen armies levied in "As a result of that malign and allen influence, I have seen armles levied in 'a war for humanity' used to tear down the flag of an infant Republic; to repress the aspirations of the feeble imitators of our precedents: to set a bayonet gag across the lips of free speech; to turn agianst the weakness of those who had been our allies cannon molded to batter down the obstructive barriers of Spanish imperialism; and seeing it. I have known surely that the primal impulse for it came not from America, but from London-not from London, out from hell-from the lowest circle of the worst inferno of fraud and violence.

circle of the worst inferno of fraud and violence.

"And against it once more we appeal to Grattan, answering Tory coercionists as he ansewered them: 'I will trust the people with the custody of their own liberties, but I will trust no people with the custody of any iberty other than their own.'

"In 1800, when Grattan spoke, the splendid city of which we are all so proud was a rude collection of cabins, notable chiefly as a depot of supplies for the fur trade. St. Louis is now one of the great cities of the world—the central city of a domain which, before the close of the Twentleth Century, may exceed in power the Roman or the British Empire at its greatest. The "expansion" of our past is one of the greatest miracies in history. What can account for it? Was it the foresight of Napoleon checking England? Was it the money paid him to release his despotte claim to control the liberties of the people of the "Purchase?"

Was it the power of human desire to gain The Reverend C. McGrady responded to the toast, "The National Spirit of Ireland," and the march. "St. Patrick's Day," was played upon the conclusion of his remarks. He said, in part:

"The history of Ireland is made up of sunshine and shower. Her national life has been a 'pendulum between a smile and a tear." When the continent of Europe was enveloped in the shadows of death, the star of genius arose, like a goddess, from the briny flood that swept the shore of Erin, and the

dominion over others? Was it the lust of lance the gread of money; the strength of a lance the gread of money; the strength of the West. The closest alines of the West. The closest shady fountial and built her shrine on the vertant slopes of the soul This, and this alone, could have from every contriv in the world the standard strong could have a s JOHN S. LEAHY. PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS. TRELAND'S NATIONAL SPIRIT.

> homes and conquered cities filled the welkin with lurid flames and weird, fantastic shapes.
> "The fanes of Odin threw their shadows."
> "The fanes of Odin threw their shadows."

"The lanes of Odin threw their shadows athwart the verdant hills. Norsemen desecrated the temples of the Nazarene with their werd and savinge rites, and bards sang in Runic rhyme, the sages of their land, and heroes marched in fancy's dreams through Valhalia's gory halls. The raven of the North floated over many a field of and heroes marched in fancy's dreams through Valhalla's gory halls. The raven of the North floated over many a field of carnage, flapped her wings in triumph above the citadels of Erin for 214 years. Celtic kings and warriors consecrated the land of their birth and the graves of their sires with bloody hecatombs, and the purple tide of life flowed, in gushing streams, till the Danish hosts were conquered on the plains of Clontari, and the emblem of Niord vanished before the symbol of the Gaillean.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA'

go down, our banks will close, and there will be no money to pay soldiers to support our missionaries in preaching higher civilization to the heathen?

"This is the Tory argument now, as it has been from the beginning. Let us not believe it. Let us not make the least concession to it. Let us resist it and advance from our intrenchments to meet it in the open field and drive it back to the Dark Ages!

"Higher civilization, progress, all real and permanent prosperity, are but a manifestation of human nature, as the good in it finds freedom to realize itself in action. Individuals may be time-servers, cowards, hucksters of the holy things which God his given us to keep as trustees for the future of the world. But in spite of the unworthiness of men as individuals, man in divine in his origin, in his soul and in his ultimate purposes. The purpose of the human race on earth is the purpose of an omnipotent God. Give it freedom to develop its noble creative impulses in peace, and it will go on from strength to strength as we have done here in this Louisiana Purchase from the time St. Louis was a frontier settlement until now, when at the beginning of the Twentieth Century we have the eyes of the world upon us.

"Who has done these great things for us?" lean.
"The last echo of the war steed's martial tramp had scarcely faded from the distant mountain heads when the Saxon thane at-tacked the Celtic race with lance and spear tacked the Celtic race with lance and spear and tattleax, and for the last seven centuries the Isle of Erin has been a dark and bloody field of battle. Though the Irish people have been proscribed and persecuted, though they have been dragooned and massacred, though they have been pursued by the sleuth hounds of British domination, and forced into dreary exile by the mandates of British law, yet their patriotism has sever been subdued, and their national spirit is as unconquered and as unconquerable as the mighty mountain ribs of stone. Love of freedom is the most prominent characteristic of the Celtic race. The spirit of independence will never wax cold in the of independence will never wax cold in the Irish heart till the Goddess of Liberty shall weep over the ashes of fallen Empire the ruins of conquered nations, and

Irish heart till the Goddess of Liberty shall weep over, the ashes of fallen Empires and the ruins of conquered nations, and the grave of a silent world and a lost humanity.

"The Norman knight landed on the shores of Erin in 1168, and for 400 years the sound of battle mingled with the howl of the tempest and the dirge of the deep, and the widow's wall, and the orphan's cry responded to the sighs of the woods and the hymns of the groves. The land was filled with the shadows of the dead and the volces of the grave. The best blood of England had dyed the hills of Erin in vermillion hues; and the bravest heroes of Ireland had been sacrificed on the altar of patriotism; and yet only three counties acknowledged the sovereignty of the British realm. The indemitable courage of the Celtic warrior in defense of his home and his fireside is displayed on every page of his country's history.

"Hugh O'Nelll, with a force of 5,000 men, routed the Saxon legions of nearly twice the number in the famous battle of the Yellew Ford; and Owen O'Nell, with a loss of seventy soldiers, hallowed the field of Benburb with a sacrifice of more than 2,000 victims. The lovers of chivalry will ever read with enthusiastic admiration the record of Irish valor at Augrim, Athlone, Charlemont, Carrickfurgus, Enniskillen, Derry, Galway and Limerick, the city of heroic deeds and sacred memories. The siege of Limerick was conducted by men who had won laurels on the field of carringe, and had achieved triumphs that had made them famous throughout Europe. They were supported by the power of the British Government, and armed with ample munitions of war and the deadliest engines of destruction. Again and again they poured out withering fusillades on the valiant defenders of the city; and again and again they were repulsed and hurled back from the walls of Limerick by Patrick Sarsfield and his gallant comrades.

"Such has been the story of conquered races, Jeremiah weeps over the dispersion of his kingmen and the desceration tieth Century we have the eyes of the world upon us.

"Who has done these great things for us? Was it Jefferson, who paid Napoleon \$15.-000,600 ransom for the people of the Purchase," that they might become sovereign creators of sovereign Republics?

"No; It was Liberty—born not of Jefferson or of any man, but of heaven! Do we wish prosperity to be permanent? Do we wish to see bank added to hank, railroad to railroad, telegraph to telegraph, school to school, church to church, until the wonders of our past shall be as nothing to the miracles of our future? Then let us trust liberty and the truth in which alone men can be either free or just or prosperous! And if we declare that our safety is born of God let us not, think of him as that hideous Moloch whose government on earth is accompanied by 'wounds, shrieks and tears' as the feeble are 'compelled to yield to the strong!' No; but rather let us figure him to ourselves as the great Liberator, who says to us. Put up the sword of coercion into the sheath!' and touches with his divine and healing hand the wounds our folly has made.

"But we have gone too far not to go on.

made.

"But we have gone too far not to go on. It can never be that we will betray the freedom of the world. God cannot permit it. He will yet raise some Grattan to rally us to duty with the proclamation that loyalty distinct from liberty is corrustion! It cannot be that liberty will fall. It cannot be that the world's hope will be denied it! In the breast of the weakest and humblest of mankind there is a divine aspiration which heaven cannot disappoint! The United States of America cannot turn backwards! We will yet see how foul are the hands, white as if with the leprosy of Gchazi, which attempt to raise the standard of the world's freedom as the hanner of their own oppression—the foul oppression for which Toryism and Imperialism stand in Ireland, in India. In South Africa, and wherever else on earth coercion is made the ultima ratio of government. This world was not created to be a hell governed by the heaviest cannon. The light which shines in its darkness will not fail the world, nor will it fail the United States of America—this New Atlantis, which in these wonderful centuries of growth through liberty, has arisen from the Western seas to lead mankind into its divine future—"When by liberty upilited—all the world at last shall be from the walls of Limerick by Patrick Sarsfield and his gallant comrades.

"Such has been the story of conquered races. Joremlah weeps over the daperson of his kinsmen and the desecration of their temple. Since the day that the Roman eagles screamed above the burning walls of Jerusalem, the children of Abraham have filled the world with the lamentations of their renowned prophet, that they could no longer wander over the wine-clad hills of Israel, and offer tack fee in the Temple of Soloman. Go with me, then, into the darkest periods of Irish history to study the character of Irish patriotism. "No country on the globe has produced a brighter galaxy of illustrious heroes than Theobald Wolfe Tone, Thomas Addis Emmet, William Orr, John and Henry Sheares, Thomas Russell, Robert Emmett, Mitchell, Meagher, Duffy, McManus, William Smith O'Brien and that long catalogue of political martyrs of "8, '48 and '68, whose lives will ever glorify the temple of freedom. When Wolfe Tone was fettered, he placed the froms to his lips, and exclaimed: "For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains than 'f I were decorated with the Star and Garter of England."

"The human tongue has never uttered a

ing hath hung.

"The human tongue has never uttered a nobler sentiment. There was life liberty, honor, wealth, distinction, renown on one side; and death and legal infamy on the other; and the culprit turned his face from all that the world could give, bore all its

when she comes in conflict with a mighty nation. A new school had originated in Ireland. The spirit of '8 had been inherited by a band of young men who believed in armed resistance to the scepter of the despot. These dauntless heroes were nauscated with the utterances of Conciliation Hall. The Nation had been started by Thomas Davis, and soon the insurgent attitude of this new organ was asserted. O'Connell denounced the principle of armed resistance to tyranny, and emphasized the doctrine of moral force. 'The liberty of the, world,' he said, 'is not worth the shedding of one drop of human blood.'

"Thomas Francis Meagher, in one of the

said, 'Is not worth the shedding of one drop of human blood.'

"Thomas Francis Meagher, in one of the most brilliant oratorical achievements of modern times, protested against the timid counsels of O'Conneil, and defended the appeal to the sword in the cause of freedom. He said: The soldier is proof against an argument, but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason, let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail gainst battailoned despotism. Then, my lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say that the King of Heaven, the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles, bestows his benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.'

"We read in Roman history that when Lars Poresna had attacked the City of the Twins, Marcius Scaevola penetrated hito the tent of the Etruscan King to slay him, and, being seized by the guards, he placed his hand in the fire to demonstrate his still undaunted courage, and assured the royal potentate that 320 young Romans had sworn to accomplish the deed if he should fall. John Mitchell stood in the dock with the charge of treason proved against aim, and the verdict of the jury on his crime. He referred to this event in ancient history and said: "The Roman who saw his hand burning to ashes before the tyrant, promised that 300 should follow out his enterprise. Can I not promise for one, for two, for three-aye, for hundreds?" With an outburst of patriotic sentiment, his friends cried: "For me, for me, promise for me, Mitchell!" and his fellow-prisoners, con-

for three—aye, for hundreds? With an outburst of patriotic sentiment, his friends cried: 'For me, for me; promise for me, Mitchell' and his fellow-prisoners, convicted for the same crime, and suffering for the same common cause, rushed forward and grasped the hand of their comrade.

"The heroes of the Irish insurrection knew that rebellion would be futile, and yet, standing within the shadow of the scaffold, and peering into the dark, solemn chambers of death, they scorned the power of England and flung defiance into her face. They implated their lives at the shrine of freedom, that unborn generations might be inspired by their example, and, rising up in their power, might break the rod of the despot, hurl the diadem of kings in the despot, hurl the diadem of kings in the tust, and enthrone the angel of democracy in every land. The patriots of Erin fought and bled and died, not for immediate victory over the enemy of their country, but to emphasize the spirit of freedom, that future ages might reap in joy what they had sown!

In tears.

"They went down into the shadows of leath, and the heart of the nation bled at their graves, and flowers have been placed above their ashes, and bloomed in the tears of a loving people. Their memory has filled the souls of the vanquished with dreams of freedom, and their history has awakened a throb of admiration in the hearts of the noble and the just.

"They falled, and their deeds have been forgotten by the vulgar, who confound merit

"They failed, and their deeds have been forgotten by the vulgar, who confound merit with success; their heroism has created no niche in the temple of the Saxon Muse; but it will be preserved from silent oblivion by the song of Celtic bards, and the angels of God will write their fame in letters of fire across the purple dome. England boasts that she is the patron of freedom, but a wave of desolation has followed the triumph of her flag in every quarter of the globe. Her navy has swept every sea in quest of plunder, and her army has bunted the angel of freedom from savage wilds.

"And this is the country that seeks an alliance with the United States; and the broad Republic of the West is filled with Anglo-maniacs, who are wreathing garlands for the nuptial rites.

"O land of the free and home of the brave,

"O land of the free and home of the brave, wilt thou pollute thy virgin lips with the assassin's kiss, and repose thy brow en the breast of the modern Babylon? No. No. The voice of the Irish race cries, No! The great German element in this land cries, No. The sentiment of every nationality living beneath the giltter of the western stars is expressed in living language, and swells into one mighty chorus, echoing, No! No! Never! Never!

"England in her government of Iraland

echoing, No! No! Never! Never!

"England in her government of Ireland sought her own aggrandizement. She wanted the land of Erin and the wealth created by her sons. Professor Theodore Hertzka of Vienna says that under a just system of industry and distribution, one and one-half acres of land per person, with 20 per cent of the population working two hours and eleven minutes per day, would give the 25,600,000 of Austrians all the luxuries that the heart could desire. In Ireland there is four acres of land per person, with 50 per cent of the population engaged in production, and working ten hours per day, and yet the nation is in poverty, because a few people appropriate the wealth created by the toil of the masses.

"The history of the world has been the record of slavery. At one time it is personal threstom at another political harden.

"The history of the world has been the record of slavery. At one time it is personal thraldom, at another political bondage, both of which rest on economic servitude, We can never have peace and prosperity upon the earth till we establish economic justice and freedom, and recognize the right of labor, the right of a man to the product of his toil. The problem of all past ages has reached the time for its uitimate solution. The nations of the earth are crying for justice, and the shadows of the dead 'arise like gods from the tomb of ages' and plead for the rights of the living, and before the sun of this century shall sink beyond the burnished waves the sound of war will no more resound ofer land and flood, the manacles of slavery will fall from every human limb, and o'er land and flood, the manacles of slavery will fall from every human limb, and
the angel of Joy will have her throne in
every realm and be shrined at every hearth.
"Then Erin will arise like a star from the
shadows of the deep and take her place
in the bright galaxy of Republics. I
hope to see the day when the banner of
victory and the flag of freedom will float
over the Emerald Isle from the Glant's
Causeway to the Rock of Kinsale and from
Dublin Bay to the wild hills of Connemara.
Then will the Celtic spirit take its flight
into realms of glory and realize the dreams
of the Irish bard:
"The nations have fallen and thou still art
young,

EDWARD D'ARCY EULOGIZES WOMEN.

Edward D'Arcy responded to the toast, Banquet, 1901." He said, in part: "Lowell begins one of his essays with the question, 'Can anything more be said about Chaucer?" Likewise, it may be asked, 'Can

Chaucer? Likewise, it may be asked. 'Can anything more be said about Chaucer?' Likewise, it may be asked. 'Can anything more be said about woman?' And yet the wild rose of the hedge blooms not the less sweetly because of the springtimes which have gone before, and so the more may we do honor unto the woman of to-day, in whom we see, not the rose of the hedge, but its sister of the garden.

"And this is a time most fit for such a theme. We have been passing for a hundred years from beneath the shadow of the mediaeval world into the sunshine of modern life, and it were strange, indeed, should nothing new be found in either man or woman, where the progress of twenty previous centuries is eclipsed in one. Time has been tardy but most generous in its gift. It has changed man from a slave to a freeman, and woman from the slave of a slave to be queen among men who know no king. Shall we, then, look with longing to the post where she is drawn in classic marble and in classic verse?

"Do we think her, as a Roman wife and servant, quite as noble as is the mistress of her husband's fortune and her husband's heart to-lay? That she had beauty, and that quiet fortitude of her sex; that she was true in her frieniship and tender in her love, we may admit; but we cannot admit that she who could smile upon the carnage of the arena was as gentle and as kind as the woman of to-day—as the woman whose pity, flowing like a fountain for the smallest of God's creatures, has linked her in a world-wide league to minister to the women of Shakespeare's time was as far superior to the woman of Greece as are his Desdemona and Ophelia to the statuesque Antigone, or to Iphegenia, who, with equal indifference, could sacrifice her own life or the lives of her feliows. And there has been as great an advance from the women who suggested Antigone, to the models of the Shakespeare has been as great an advance from there has been as great an advance from the was fountainly. "His women were like the man around them, for woman is man's counterpart, and

of Shakespeare, his warmth, in turn, too of often sinks to coarseness, in scales of modern sensibility.

"His women were like the men around them, for woman is man's counterpart, and cannot but be subject to influences which ennohe or debase him. In ancient times those influences made mental glants and moral pigniles. Here and there was a philanthropist, lost amid the round of pleasure, the search for learning, the pomp and clustoms, our thought, and from upon revolution in the world of pleasure, the search for learning, the pomp and clustoms, our thoughts and follows that in the universal change, her influence is the mildest, sweetest power on earth, and the one whose potency was last recognized.

"Princes and nations have given us examples of the gentleness of power, but woman in the Niesteenth Century has shown us the power of gentleness—a power which we pray may ever grow in the future as it has in the past, to allure to brigher worlds and lead the way." The seed of universal ties that were not hers, and little thought of the day when its peoples should see in her the pattern of their national lives.

"It might have stood the beacon of the ages, in whose light the nations should march on and on in one unbroken line through time, each learning from those gone before to leave the augmented legacy of

the past to pass in ever-increasing measure until the end of time. So might the world have been had concord reizned; had peaceful counsel guided lis course; had milder wishes had their humbler way. But such was not to be, for the world was destined to grope through primeral durkness to that beacon lisht, only to leave it in a fearful plunge, like a ship in the trough of the sea.

to grope through primeval darkness to that beacon light, only to leave it in a fearful plunge, like a ship in the trough of the sea.

"The story of that old civilization reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights. It is as though the earth had passed for a time into the keeping of a people from another world, and, passing back again, preserved the record of a glory that has ended—a record of thought as sublime, of achievement as noble as the world has ever known, mingled with a taint of flerceness and cruelity which brightened and intensified the life whose end it prophesied. That world has passed, and on its rubus stands a nobler structure. Twas woman who gave birth to Christianity, and who was its first and chief mourner.

"She has been more closely identified with it from its inception, in thought and feeling, if not in outward show, then has man. Its message of peace and good will was hers before it was announced in words, and through it has at last been puid the debt of man to woman; that message of peace has changed the world. Mental and moral culture, once thought unworthy of attainment, is now the distant and brilliant goal toward which life's breezes waft many a hopeful sail. We are a ming to realize that. 'Charms strike the signt, but merit wins the soul. If this is true, in what age has woman merited so well? When has opportunity so smilled upon her and when has its favor been so well bestowed?

"It is but a few years back to the time when she was denied an education in youth, and the exercise of natural powers in maturity—when she was treated as an appendage of man. In those few years the signet of her genius has been pressed upon the page of literature, and the canvas glows with her thought transfixed. But above art and above science, there stands a cause consecrated by her name—a cause that indeed bears witness to the depth of her nature—the cause of humanity. The genius of man has soard into other realms and left its records on the mountain tops of little, but the influence of woman has nooded the

IRISHMEN HONOR

Observance of St. Patrick's Day William B. Leeds, Tin Plate King. Commenced Saturday - Will End Monday-Parade.

Three days will be occupied in the observance of St. Patrick's Day in St. Louis. This is due to the fact that March 17 falls on Sunday this year, and, owing to arrangements made some time ago by different socleties, the celebration will be divided and

extend over the period named. The annual banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick was scheduled for the Planters Hotel Saturday night. Frank B. Burke came to St. Louis from Indianapolis to officiate as the orator of the evening, and previous mention has been made of the guests of honor, Maud Gonne and Major John McBride. Sunday morning there will be solemn high

mass at St Patrick's Church Sixth and Biddle streets, with the Reverend C. F. O'Leary as celebrant. The Irish Catholic societies of St. Louis and East St. Louis will combine in a parade in the afternoon. At Sixth street, north of Cass avenue, the parade will form and move south on Sixth street, passing St. Patrick's Church, where it will be reviewed by Archbishop Kain. It will continue south to Washington avenue, thence to Twelfth street, south on the east side of Twelfth street, countermarching on the west side of Twelfth to Locust, to Garrison avenue, to Clark avenue, east past St. Malachy's Church, where it will be reviewed by the grand marshal and his staff. The order of the pa-

marshal and his staff. The order of the parade will be as follows:

Detail of Mounted Police.

Grand Marshal, the Reverend C. F. O'Leary.
Assistant Grand Marshal, P. J. Kelly.
Chief Escort, Doctor P. T. Cunningnam.
Chief of Staff, J. P. O'Driscoli.
And-de-Camp, W. C. Jensins.
Adjutant, Charles M. Hamaway.
Mounted Aids to the Grand Marshal.
Officers of the Irish Catholic Parade Union.
Our Distinguished Irish Guests, Miss Maud Gonne
and Major McErine, escorted by the Ancient

FOURTH DIVISION.

The Assumption Parish. St. Stanislaus's Parish. Holy Rosary Parish. St. Mary and Joseph's Vitation Parish. Parish. St. Edward's Parish. St. Edward's Parish. St. Michael's Parish. Our Lady of Good Counsel Parish. St. Margaret's Parish. Sel Parish. SIXTH DIVISION.

St. John's Parish.

St. John's Parish.

St. Agnes's Parish.

St. Vincent de Paul St. John of Nepomuck's Parish.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Alton delegation.
East St. Louis delegation.
East St. Louis delegation.
St. Wenceslaus's Parish.
Our Lady of Mount Car-Holy Angels' Parish.
mel Parish.

The officers of this year's parade are: The Reverend C. F. O'Leary of Macon, Mo., grand marshal; P. J. Kelley, assistant grand marshal; Doctor P. T. Cunningham,

chief escort; J. P. O'Driscoll, chief of staff; Charles M. Hanaway, adjutant. At the Pickwick Theater Sunday evening an entertainment will be given in hono Maud Gonne and Major McBride. The Maud Gonne and Major McBride. The programme, under the direction of Miss Etta Molony, includes a piano solo by her; vocal solos by Miss Agnes Kerrigan, Thomas J. Kiely, Miss Catherine Creedon, Deniah Hannifan, R. A. Bacon and S. A. Martin, Miss Gonne and Major McBride will respond to an address of welcome by Judge O'Neill Ryan.

Monday evening the Irish American Society will bold its second annual banquet at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Walter F. McIntyre will act as toastmaster, and speeches will be made by Festus J. Wade, the Reverend P. E. O'Reilly and T. D. Cannon, Archbishop Kain will attend.

Special services will be held in many of the churches Sunday.

GIVES A FORTUNE TO LATEST BRIDE.

Buys for Her a Fifth Ave nue Mansion.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL. New York, March 16.-William Batemas Leeds, the Tin Plate King, has purchased the new mansion at No. 287 Fifth avenue, for \$200,000, as gift to his bride.

He is fond of society, has leisure and a

great fortune. His wife is a beauty and possesses tact and charm. They will move at once into their new home on upper 'Millionaires' Row." The approaches to his ideal led Mr. Leeds

through love, marriage, divorce and remarriage. He was divorced by his wife. His bride is a divorcee. She was Nonnie May Stewart Worthington when he met her, the daughter of a Cleveland financier, and the wife of George E. Worth-

financier, and the wife of George E. Worthington, who belonged to one of the bestknown Cleveland families.

Mr. Leeds first married eighteen years ago,
before his fortune was made. He is said
to have given \$1,000,000 in stocks and bonds
to his first wife that he might marry the
beautiful Mrs. Worthington last August. They had been practically separated for

They had been give years.

One month after he met Mrs. Worthington, Leeds confessed his love to her, and told his wife in Indiana that he had found his ideal,

Mrs. Worthington married in October, 1894,

Mrs. Worthington married in October, 1894, and in July, 1898, she separated from her husband. Two months later Mr. Worthington sued Fred Nicholas, a young Cleveland society man, for allenation of his wife's affections. The suit was subsequently dropped, and in March, 1899, Mrs. Worthington obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of neglect. Worthington went to Chicago and married Lavine Pinkley.

Mr. Leeds and Mrs. Worthington were married at the home of the bride's parents in Euclid avenue, Cleveland, and their honeymoon was passed on the Tin Plate King's yacht, Cetoah. Among the presents he gave her were a pearl necklace worth \$5,000, a diamond necklace worth \$5,000, a diamond necklace worth \$5,000, and a painting costing \$5,000.

The new home of the Leedses is one of the finest houses on upper Fifth avenue. It is of the American-basement type, with a 25-foot frontage of light stone, highly ornamented.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeds made no effort inst

mented.

Mr. and Mrs. Leeds made no effort last fall while at Narragansett Pier to widen their acquaintance. They were seen nightly at the Casino, however, and attended the polo games at which gathered the fashionable set.

THREE RESIDENCES BURNED. Helena, Ark., Has Its Worst Fire in a Decade.

in a Decade.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL.

Helena, Ark., March 15.—The most disastrous fire Helena has experienced in a decade occurred Saturday morning at 3 o'clock, when the handsome residences of Thomas W. Keese, Frank E. Short and William R. Lake were totally destroyed, together with their contents. The fire originated in the back yard of the Keesee residence, and when discovered had spread to the rear of the residence and to the barns. Mr. Keesee lost a fine horse, and two others were rescued after they had been severely burned. One of the terrified animals knocked Mr. Keesee down, stunning him for a few moments. The loss is estimated at 25,000, on which there was insurance to the extent of about \$20,000. All of the gentlemen will rebuild as early as possible.

SAYS HUSBAND WAS JEALOUS.

Mrs. Tillie Krausnick Brings Suit for Divorce.

Mrs. Tillie Krausnick began suit for divorce yesterday against Edward E. Krausnick.

She charges her husband with falling to provide for her according to his means and her social standing. She also avers that he was icalous.

he was jealous.

The couple were married February 18, 1890, and separated October 8, 1900, about which time she avers her father refused to allow her husband to live at his residence. She asks for the custody of her child, Edward Carl, for whom her father is willing and anxious to provide, she states.